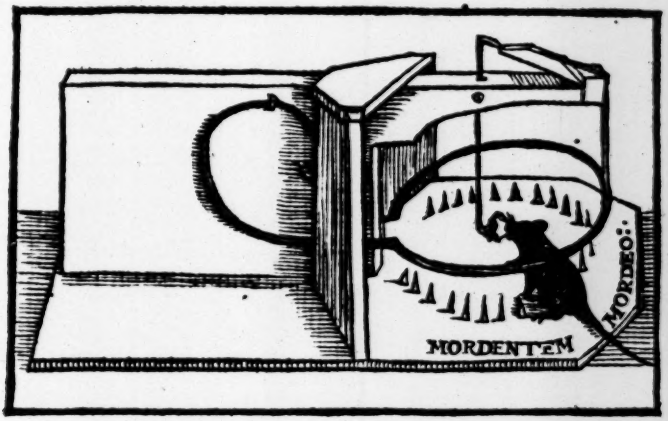
THE MOVS-TRAP.



Vni ſi poſſim, poſſe placere ſat eſt.

Printed at London for F. B. dwelling at the
Flower de Luce and Crowne
in Pauls-churchyard.
1606.

YUM

To his no little reſpected friend *little* IOHN BVCK,

I dedicate this my lit-
tle Booke.

Irrha Iacke, *it fareth with me, as with a fearefull and faint-hearted Souldior, that being danted at the brunt of Wars, would faine betake himſelfe vnto his heeles; or as ſome humorous or fantaſtick Painter, who falling in diſlike with his owne workmanſhippe, daſheth out that in a moment, which he framed not in a month. I once was willing to publiſh theſe ydle rimes, which then I reckoned without mine hoaſt (as thinking on the Surueyors, but not controulers heereof) for to their doome and indignation I either muſt ſubmit my ſelfe, or yeeld to be beatē with mine owne Incke-horne. Alaſſe you ſee tis but the ſilly Mouſe, I onely aime at, for any greater or more venomous vermine, I leaue them altogether to the cunning* Rat-catcher, (*my little trap being much too weake and vnable to hold them.*) *Thy counſell (gentle* Iohn*) comes now to late in this extremity or rather ambiguity of difference, that ſhould haue held my peace (thou wilt ſay) till mine accuſers had brought their actions; wherunto I might better haue pleaded,* Non eſt factum, *then raſhly thus in* Publicum proripere: *But ſeeing that which is done, cannot be now vndone, I muſt aduenture the worſt that may come,* Semel inſaniuimus omnes, *and theres my reſt.* Farewell.

Thine in the prodigallity of
his Loues ſincerity. H. P

To the plaine-dealing Reader.

HOneſt friend, and good fellow, (for ſo durſt I cal a very good mans Sonne) howſoeuer others may take exceptions; if any ſuch ther be, tis ten to one I know them not, or at leſt deſire not to be knowne of them, for to none ſuch offer I theſe abortiue lines, that either are of curious apprehenſion, famous profeſſion, or auſtere diſpoſition. But then may they come vpon me with that olde ſaying of *Quam quiſq; norit artem*, with *nec Sutor vltra crepidã*: tis true, ile not deny but that euery fool may make a rime, though for my owne part, I no more profeſſe the one, then willingly would aſſume the other. I could haue ſaid *Right Courteous, woorthy, and reſpected Reader*, but that you knowe were to inſinuate; which in a preface of ſo plaine conſequence I hold moſt friuolous and vnneceſſary: Howbeit with ſome it is as vſual as ſalt and ſpoons before meat. But you may ſee I meddle not with you, or any ſo iudicious Audience. To thee my therefore kind familiar, and olde acquaintance, I truſt I ſhall not neede vſe many complementes (a worde more ſtale thē Mackarel in Iuly) which if it but reliſh in thy mouth neare ſo little (I meane if it but iumpe with thy worſte conceits) I care not: At leaſt do but ſuſpend what thou immagineſt, and it ſhall ſuffice. *Farewell.*

The Mouſe-trap.

Ad Curioſum.

ANd why the Mouſe-trap, quoth my Cavalyer?
and looking further (ſaies) What haue we heere?
Faith neither Phiſicke, nor Philoſophy,
affected Proze, or learned Poeſie,
The home-ſpun ruſſet, ſuteth ſome that weare it,
and many braue it out, that ill may beare it:
I neither treat of ſtout Themiſtocles,
nor vſe I choiſe or quaint Hiperboles;
Onely vnfold by way of borrowed riime,
ſome few fantaſticke humors of our time:
Wherein (if ought thats pleaſing) may content thee
take it: If not, ſuppoſe no harme was meant thee,
and good inough.

Faults eſcaped in Printing.

Epigram. 1. for their, read his. ep. 35. for lights, alights, ep. 50. for as, are. ep 51. for he, ſhe. ep 57. for, but (prouiſo,) but (with prouiſo) ep. 62. for daily, duly. ep. 70, leaue out for. ep. 92. leaue out good. Ibid, for haſt, hadſt.

The Mouſe-trap.

Epigram. 1.

Lycus that once lay with his Miſtreſſe maide,
And (fearing much to haue the matter knowen)
Went to his fellow, whom he friendly praide,
To counſell him, as were the caſe his owne:
He that more cunning knew what ſhould be done,
Tooke this aduantage for their better ſpeed.
To finiſh that which th'other had begun;
But then alas, ſhe proou'd with child indeed:
And made the Woodcock (who did firſt bewray it)
Stand to the reckning, that could better pay it.

2.

Nisa, who from her window glaunſt her eyes,
ſaw *Mopſus* come, as faſt as foote could trot:
For ioy whereof, vpon her bed ſhe lyes,
(as who ſhould thinke, ſhe ſlept and ſaw him not.)
'Twas very ſtrange, vnleſſe ſhe meant herein,
Her eyes ſhould not be open vnto ſinne.

Epigrams.

3.

WHen *Caeus* was accuſed of a rape,
for ſtealing ſecretly to his maids bed:
He hardly could the doome of law eſcape,
(had he not thus the matter coloured.)
That tooke his oath (nor did he ſweare amiſſe,)
He went not to his maids bed, for 'twas his.

4.

ASke *Ficus* how his luck at Dicing goes,
Like to the Tide (ſaith he) it ebbes & flowes:
Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot be good,
for all men knowes, 'tis longer ebbe then flood.

5.

YOung *Codrus* Land-lord to his fathers rents,
which happy time (long looke for) doth expire,
Addreſſeth him with theſe abilliments,
as leaſt beſeemes the ſonne of ſuch a Sire.
And thus he gallants it ſome yeare and more,
Vntill his Tenants thruſt him out of doore.

A ſcof-

Epigrams.

6.

A Scoffing mate, paſſing along Cheap-ſide,
incontinent a gallant Laſſe eſpied:
Whoſe tempting breſts (as to the ſale laid out,)
incites this youngſter thus to gin to flout.
Lady (quoth he) is this fleſh to be ſold?
no Lord (quoth ſhe) for ſiluer nor for gold,
But wherefore aſke you? (and there made a ſtop)
To buy (quoth he) if not? ſhut vp your ſhop.

7.

Riſco that gallant yongſter keepes his bed,
as faining to be ſick, but (wot you why?)
Not of an ague, or an aking head,
no burning feauer, or *French* maladie.
Tuſh, none of theſe can halfe ſo much moleſt him,
As yonder flat-cap foole, that would arreſt him.

Epigrams.

8.

IEſu how ſtrange you make it Miſtreſſe *Iane*,
Will you not know your *quondam* tried friends?
Remember ſince you lodg'd in Pudding lane;
Shall former kindneſſe merit no amends?
I ſay no more: well may you change your name,
But once a whore, you ſhould be ſtill the ſame.

9.

M*Ounſier Flemingo*, fraught with Angels ſtore,
Would ſee faire *London*, neuer ſeene before:
Where (lodging with his Miſtreſſe but one night,)
had (ere he parted) put them all to flight.

10.

FIne Miſtreſſe *Delia* defies the man,
That proffers leſſe to her then golden fees:
What, thinke you her ſome common Curtizan,
That will her credit or her cuſtome leeſe?
In faith ſir no: But ere you ſhall go hence,
She will for once, accept of eighteene pence.

Brutus

Epigrams.

11.

Brutus, that braue and compleat Caualier,
Who thus of late in Fleet-ſtreet flouriſhed:
Thought then no pleaſure or expence too deare,
But ſee how ſoone the caſe is altered.
As that conſtrained to diuide the ſtreete,
He now betakes himſelfe vnto the Fleete.

12.

Madam *Rugoſa* knowes not where to finde,
one chamber-maid of ten, that likes her minde
But ſtill my Lord (on prooſe of comely charge)
Prefers them to his Seruing-men in mariage.

13.

The times are waxen dead with *Dalila*,
who (ſince the Terme) hath had but little ſtur-ring,
Then was ſhe ſought-to more then *Helena*,
And Gallants gallopt then in Coaches hurring.
But now ſhe ſpeakes with all that pleaſe to call,
Loe thus her trade doth Termely riſe and fall.

Epigrams.

14.

FAunus for feates of Fencing beares the Bell-
for skull in muſick on each inſtrument:
For dancing, caruing, and diſcourſing well,
with other ſundry gifts more excelleut.
But ſtriuing ſtill to make his credit ſtronger,
The Taylor will not truſt him any longer.

15.

LAwrence hath lou'd his Miſtris full ſeauen yeare,
(ſeru'd her I ſhould ſay) yet nere durſt come neere
So much as kiſſe her gloue, or tye her ſhooe,
Thinke you your Miſtris (*Lawrence*) ſhould you woe?

16.

I Pray Sir, did you note on Sunday laſt,
how richly *Rubin* was apparelled?
Well may he be compared to a blaſt,
or lik'd to one that's metamorphiſed.
For on next morning (ere the day did dawne,)
All that he wore, and more, was laid to pawne.

What

Epigrams.

17.

WHat meaneth *Roſamond* to walke ſo late,
when no man can diſcerne her face or feature:
(But by her habit may preiudicate,)
ſhe is ſome faire, or rather famous Creature.
Oh good Sir, vnderſtand that in the darke,
One man of twenty may miſtake the marke.

18.

I Asked *Bruſus*, why he takes that paines,
To trot in Terme time for ſo little gaines:
His anſwer was, that ſuch as ſtand on wooings,
muſt howſoeuer, ſeeme to haue ſome dooings.

19.

I *Orelles* wife is lately brought a bed,
(as luck would haue it) of a goodly boy:
The hopefull iſſue of her maiden-head,
And onely Iewell of the fathers ioy.
Well (God forgiue them that may thinke amiſſe,)
But ſure as death, the Child is none of his.

Tuſh

Epigrams.

20.

TVsh hang it: haue at all (ſayes *Curio*,)
Comes not deuce ace, aſſoone as ſix & three?
Who would not rather, halfe his lands forgo,
Then be out dar'd, by ſuch a one as he.
But thus he ſpeakes (his father ſcant yet cold,)
And neuer meanes to liue, till he be old.

21.

Oto is lately gone to Sturbridge faire,
whoſe little takings, makes the Gull diſpaire:
'Twere good ſome friend of his, would tel the Mome
his wife hath had takings inough at home.

22.

HOw comes it, *Druſo* liues vnmaried,
that whilome was a ſutor to ſo many;
Alack, his loue hath ſtill miſcarried,
And he (miſled) was neuer lou'd of any.
I doubt the griefe of ſuch remembrance paſt,
Will cauſe the Cockſcombe hang himſelfe at laſt.

How

Epigrams.

23.

HOw like you little *Dol* in her deepe ruffe,
ſeemes ſhe not now as proper as the beſt?
You thinke you may command her: marry muffe?
ſhe ſcornes the motion: fough that were a ieſt.
Beeauſe ſhe ſold her wares ſo cheape of late:
Muſt they be alwayes priſed at that rate?

24.

THis makes *Menalcas* muſe aboue the reſt,
to ſee how quaint my Lady is adreſt:
For from the girdle vpwards (durſt he ſweare,)
ſhe doth the ſhape of very man appeare.

25.

G*allus* that greateſt Rooſt-cock in the rout,
ſwelleth as big as *Bacchus* did with Wine:
Like to a Hulke, he beares himſelfe about,
and briſtels as a Boare, or Porpentine.
'Tis not his locks that makes him looke ſo big,
For all men knowes he weares a Periwig.

Epigrams.

26.

NOw fie vpon thee Coward *Nemius*,
that oft haſt puld thy Ladies ſtockings on:
Yet ſtill wert baſhfull, not ſo venturous,
as ſcarce ſo much, her legge to looke vpon.
Who comes ſo neare faire game, and lets it paſſe,
(At leaſt vnproou'd) approues himſelfe an Aſſe.

27.

YOung Lady *Flora*, when ſhe firſt did wed,
was then but careleſſe of her Husbands bed:
Which want of yeares made her eſteeme as light,
yet with her Seruing-man would daunce all night.

28.

TIs ſtrange to ſee, how pure, preciſe, and neat,
Ruſſus walketh in his ruffe-ſet band:
Who will (forſooth) no fleſh on Fridayes eate,
but ſtill on nice and curious points doth ſtand.
Aske him wherefore, he giues you ghoſtly reaſon,
But then his whore comes neuer out of ſeaſon.

Guyde

Epigrams.

29.

Guydo hath goodly lodgings that he lets,
to Gentlewomen of the better ſort:
Nor careth he how little gaine he gets,
ſo they approued be of good report.
But ſtill he lights vpon ſome lawleſſe Trull,
That by her ſleights *Guydo* is made a gull.

30.

WOuld any deeme *Dæus* were now the man,
who was not worth of late a wooden Can?
Doubtleſſe his skill in ſomething doth ſurpaſſe,
but his Red noſe is ſtill the ſame it was.

31.

I Wonder when our Poets will forbeare,
to write gainſt Citizens their honeſt wiues:
Who (though vnknowne to me) yet durſt I ſweare,
they neuer wronged man in all their liues.
Put caſe their husbands pocket (you know what)
Muſt they on Stages needs be pointed at?

32.

PErſwade not *Romulus* to take a wife,
who is to wedlock ſworne an enemie:
And euer vowes to lead a ſingle life,
which he accoumpts moſt honeſt purity.
Beſides a thouſand reaſons that conſtraines him,
Amongſt the reſt a Marchants wife maintaines him.

33.

D*Amon* his *Dick* hath not theſe three yeares ſeene,
nor knoweth where he hath concealed beene:
Was it not ſtrange, that they ſo iumpe ſhould meet,
both at a bawdy houſe in *Turnebull*-ſtreet?

34.

I Cry you mercy ſir, I knew you not,
thus Courtly Metamorphiſed of late:
The Country queſtionleſſe hath you forgot,
you braue it out with that maieſtick ſtate.
As (but I now recall whoſe ſonne you were)
You might haue paſſed for ſome Nobles heyre.

Pontus

Epigrams.

35.

Pontus is poſting hetherwards apace,
to dine with diuers that in Fleetſtreet meetes
But ſee the luckleſſe chance of ſuch a caſe, (him,
aſſoone as he alights, the Sergeant greets him,
So that the burthen he ſhould haue defraid,
Was wholy now, vpon mine Hoſteſſe laid.

36.

Vſus is wondrous rich, but what of that?
he liues obſcurely like a water Rat:
And his apparell, which he ſeldome buies,
are ſuch as Hounſ-dich and Long-lane ſupplies.

37.

Miſtreſſe *Finetta*, for her ready wirte,
is much admired, and belou'd of many:
But this one fault of hers confoundeth it,
ſhe will deride, and ieſting ſcoffe at any.
Which by an ill accuſtom'd vſe comes on her,
And yet ther's one that playes as much vpon her.

Epigrams.

38.

MOunſier *Montanus* is no little man,
of vnaprooued valour to his foe:
Perſwade, or wooe him, with what words you can,
heele be reuenged, all the world muſt know.
But when he found one with his wife in bed,
For feare, or ſhame, he durſt not ſhew his head.

39.

CElſo but newly wedded, doth repent,
and meanes to be diuorſt incontinent:
Alas (poore *Celſo*) knewſt thou not before,
ſhe euer was, and will be ſtill a (——)

40.

AKnot of Knaues are early met together,
conſulting where to breake their faſt that day:
Each well prepared, ſaid no matter whether,
for none amongſt them had wherewith to pay.
At length an honeſt gull, that knew them not,
Came in by chance, and needs would pay the ſhot.

Cuthert

Epigrams.

41.

Cvthbert our Cobler can no more forbeare,
to take *Tobacco*, then to liue vnknowne:
He drinkes all whiffes at leaſt, and learnes to ſweare,
by Heauens: his othes and humors are his owne.
But adding herevnto a pot or more,
He ſtands to nothing which he ſpake before.

42.

Clitus with clients is well cuſtomed,
that hath the lawes but little ſtudied:
No matter *Clitus* (ſo they bring thee fees)
how ill the Caſe, and thy aduiſe agrees.

43.

Fie, would you offer *Wynifrid* that wrong,
as to attempt her Virgin chaſtitie?
Well wotteth ſhe, you cannot loue her long,
and (which is worſe) the world may it eſpie.
Which (once reuealed) ſhe were quite vndone,
And yet at length chaſte *Wynifride* was wone.

Philo

Epigrams.

44.

Philo is wondrous iealous of his wife;
and vrgeth termes of ſhrewd ſuſpition:
But knowes not him the cauſer of his ſtrife,
yet will he yeeld to no condition.
For more he vexed is that knowes it not,
Then if you horne him to his face God wot.

45.

Iſley and *Kate* are gone to frollick it,
late in the euening with their *Tom* and *Kit*,
What luck had they to buy their ſport ſo deere,
that in the morning muſt haue whipping cheere.

46.

SVch were thoſe Epigrams of elder times,
done by that rare and matchleſſe *Martiall*:
As whats now written, are but idle rimes,
(compar'd to him) that did ſurpaſſe them all.
Not *Virgil*, *Homer*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*,
Nor all the reſt were like to *Martial*.

Miſtres

47.

MIstriſſe *Morinda* is more coy then wiſe,
but faire ſhe is, and that moſt richly faire:
Her husband beares it out (let that ſuffice)
and all defects is able to repaire.
But yet I wonder they ſhould ſo excell,
That haue been banckrout, all the world can tell.

48.

NIlus that Niggard, ſpendeth much in waſt,
true: for he keeps a Drab, yet ſeemes ſhe chaſt:
Who (leaſt a wife from *Lymbo* ſhould enlarge him,)
at all times ſerues his turne, but more doth charge
(him.

49.

WHy ſhould *Hipolito* be mal-content,
with that which pleaſeth fortune to alot:
He thinkes it not perhaps indifferent,
that ſome take eaſe, whiles other toyle and trot.
Beſides, will any man of patience,
Be cal'd a Cuckold in his owne defence?

50.

WHat tell you me of ſuch a Peſant Groome,
that ſcrapeth vp together ſo much thrift:
Which he obſcures within ſome deſart roome,
and baſely liues vnknowne by any ſhift.
His lookes as Characters of his diſcent,
ſprung from the loynes of ſome mechanick Syre:
That neuer knew what ciuill vſage ment,
but to be only rich doth ſtill aſpire:
Spurre ſuch a one in ought but in his trade,
And you ſhall ſoone perceiue hele proue a Iade.

51.

PEter hath loſt his purſe, but will conceale it,
Leaſt he that ſtole it, to his ſhame reueale it.

Lieu-

52.

Lieutenant *Lentulus* liues diſcontent,
and much repineth at the want of warres:
For when his credit, coine, and all is ſpent,
what ſhould he do, but idly curſe the ſtarres.
Content thee *Lentulus* with thine eſtate,
That wert not idle when thou ſtoalſt the plate.

53.

Marcellus muſeth how to ſpend that day,
wherein it likes him not to ſee a play:
But then he falls in ſome worſe place I doubt,
and ſtayes ſo long till he be fired out.

54.

Priſcilla proues moſt dainty of a kiſſe,
when ſhe intreated, woo'd, and courted is:
Lord how ſhe ſtumpring ſits, and minceth it,
in very deed Sir, ſheele not eate a bit.
As full of manners as of modeſtie,
True, if her vertue be hypocriſie.

55.

OLd doting *Claudus* doth in haſt deſire,
with beautious young *Penolope* to wed:
Whoſe frozen appetite is ſet on fire,
Vntill the match be throughly finiſhed.
Indeed as good diſpatch, as make delay,
That muſt be horned on his wedding day.

56.

Signior Fantaſmus nere ſuch pleaſure found,
in any thing, as in a deep mouth'd hound:
Small was that pleaſure, when vpon one day,
he loſt his hayre, and hunted all away.

57.

HAue you not heard of *Mounſeir Maximus*,
that liues by lending without intereſt:
Yes, yes: but (*Prouiſo* tels you thus)
you muſt aſſure your lands, for ſuch requeſt.
Which done, youle finde that inconuenience,
As better 'twere the Deuill had fetcht him hence.

When

58.

WHen *Cæcus* had beene wedded now three daies,
and all his neighbors bad God giue him ioy:
This ſtrange concluſion with his wife aſſayes,
why till her marage day ſhe prou'd ſo coy.
(Quoth he) we man and wife in manner were,
a month before, then could we haue repented?
Alas (quoth ſhe) had I not cauſe to feare,
how you might conſter it (had I conſented.)
Fore God (quoth he) 'twas well thou didſt not yeeld,
for doubtleſſe then my purpoſe was to leaue thee:
Oh Sir (quoth ſhe) I once was ſo beguild,
& thought the next man ſhould not ſo deceiue me.
Now out alas (quoth he) thou breedſt my woe:
Why man (quoth ſhe) I ſpeake but *quid pro quo.*

59.

Taſſus hath learning, but no ready wit,
For drinke and dotage dayly drowneth it.

Epigrams.

60.

WHere hath Sir *Iohn* ſo long beene reſident,
leauing his penſiue Lady all *amort*:
Who will not ſay (woe worth ſuch time miſpent)
(for griefe whereof ſhe hath no liſt to ſport.
But leaue her not againe in ſuch a plight,
Leaſt (out of minde) ſhe proue more out of ſight.

61.

S*Am* ſwore an oth, that thoſe late Lotteries,
were meere deceits, and idle mockeries:
For of a hundred, if he two did pluck,
the ſtanders by would ſay, 'twas Cuckolds luck.

62.

S*Iluanus* boaſteth of thoſe debts he owes,
as who ſhould thinke, his credit then was ſuch:
But all his ſubſtance, valued now (God knowes)
amounts not to the twentith part ſo much.
Tuſh, that's no debt which (due) thou ſtill delayeſt,
But what with honeſt care thou daily payeſt.

Epigrams.

63.

HEard yee not yet of Captaine *Ferdinand?*
that was ſo wont to ſwagger and carowſe:
He lodgeth now no longer in the *Strand,*
but is remoued thence to ſuch a houſe:
Where all his beſt acquaintance that he knowes,
Will not redeeme th'one halfe of what he owes.

64.

C*Aſtus* (of all ſinnes) makes moſt conſcience,
that men ſhould thus with chaſtity diſpence:
She that weds him, muſt haue his maiden-head,
at leaſt may chance to bring a foole to bed.

65.

NAy ſee if *Momus* yet can ceaſſe to flout,
how ſhould he chooſe, his meere conceits are ſuch?
'Tis good ſir: Ile not ſay you are a lout,
(but may not one preſume to thinke as much?)
I doubt, when we haue both done what we can,
The beſt will ſcarce proue good Gramarian.

Shall

Epigrams.

66.

SHall *Simon Suckegge*, ſimple *Simkins* ſonne,
be matcht with beauty for his litt'le pelfe?
Much better were the Lobcock loſt then wonne,
vnleſſe he knew how to behaue himſelfe.
But this hath euer beene the plague of it:
That ſuch are lou'd more for their wealth then wit.

67.

Eſtus that feaſted long on delicates,
now ſuch fantaſtack fulſome dyet hates:
Is it not reaſon he ſhould ſpare at laſt,
that hath conſumed more then all in waſt?

68.

BRaue minded *Medon* can no more endure,
to liue in *England*, then to brooke the lye;
Tuſh, your temptations cannot him allure,
he ſcornes them as an idle mockerie.
Vrge him no more, I tell you 'twill but grieue him:
For here his meanes no longer may releeue him.

Epigrams.

69.

NAy good Sir, giue vs leaue at leaſt to know you,
was not your father once a man of trade?
You now are riche: I know who may beſhrow you,
that for your ſake, were younger brothers made.
(Hearke in your eare: 'tis not the wealth you haue,
Can ſhield you from the ſcandall of a Knaue.

70.

Piſo hath ſtolne a ſiluer Boul in ieſt,
for which (ſuſpected onely,) not confeſt:
Rather then *Piſo* will reſtore the boull,
boldly aduentureth for to damne his ſoule.

71.

BVt may they ſwell with enuie till they burſt,
(ſo thou be rich,) let others fret their fill:
The Fox much better fareth being curſt,
and thoſe that threaten, haue leaſt power to kill.
It cannot be thy trade ſhould euer fall,
That haſt already got the Diuell and all.

72.

MArcus that had a faire (but wanton) wife,
by whom, all hope of iſſue was in vaine:
Thought it a helliſh and vngodly life,
to reape no fruit, but labour ſtill for paine.
At length expecting (what he found by chance)
and wiſely ſeeing (what he would not ſee.)
Steps him aſide with ſmiling countenance,
as if his luck were ſuch as it ſhould be.
Was it not wit (thinke you?) well go thy wayes,
Thou more deſerueſt then a Martyrs praiſe.

73.

CRaſus of all things loueth not to buy,
ſo many bookes of ſuch diuerſitie:
Your Almanack (ſayes he) yeelds all the ſence,
of times beſt profit and experience.

Paulus

Epigrams.

74.

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in proze preſent,
vnto his Lord (*The fruites of idle time:*)
Who farre more careleſſe, then therewith content,
wiſhed he would conuert it into rime.
Which done (& brought him at an other ſeaſon,)
Said, now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reaſon.

75.

Ib tooke an oath, that *Tomiſin* was no maid,
who angry bad beare record what ſhe ſaid,
As good haue publiſht it with Trumpets blowne,
as call for witneſſe in a caſe ſo knowne.

76.

When *Milo* meanes to ſpare, then ſpends he moſt
let him but come where ſport or gaming is,
His humor cannot hold till all be loſt,
and neuer thinketh he hath done amiſſe.
For thus reſolued, *Milo* cares not whether,
He pay th'one halfe or lye for all together.

77.

SIr, can you tell where my young maiſter liues,
that was ſurnamed here the Prodigall,
He that ſo much for his ſilke Stockings giues,
till nought is left him to buy bootes withall.
Oh blame him not to make what ſhow he can,
How ſhould he elſe be thought a Gentleman.

78.

Philippus flouteth at ſuch ragged rimes,
that much diſtaſting, taxe not theſe his times:
Indeed I iudge him much more better ſeene,
in other trades that he hath trained beene.

79.

YOung Miſtreſſe *Ioyce* her husband doth ſolicit,
to hire a garden-houſe neere to the fields:
Which with her goſſip ſhe might weekely viſit,
(for ſome thing muſt ſhe haue that comfort yeelds)
I feare this Bower of weekely recreation,
Will proue a place of dayly occupation.

Bindo

Epigrams.

80.

Bindo hath loſt his wife he knowes not where,
and frantick ſeekes her all the ſtreet throughout:
Take courage (*Bindo*) and be of good cheere,
to morrow ſhalt thou finde her, ther's no doubt.
To morrow came, deſeru'd ſhe to be ſhent,
That brought him home inough to pay his rent?

81.

Silus hath ſold his Crimſen Satten ſute,
and needs would learne to play vpon the Lute
'Tis well done (*Silus*) for ſuch ſutes ſoone waſt,
whereas thy skill in Lutes will euer laſt:

82.

WHen *Roſe* had reckned her full time at large,
ſhe then bethinketh whom to nominate:
That might partake with her inſuing charge,
at length with wiſdom more conſiderate.
She geſſeth none (mongſt all the reſt) ſo fit,
As is the Pariſh Prieſt to father it.

Epigrams.

83.

TIs knowne how well I liue ſayes *Romeo*,
and whom I liſt Ile loue or will diſpiſe:
Indeed it's reaſon good it ſhould be ſo,
for they that wealthy are, muſt needs be wiſe.
But then 'tis knowne you make moſt vſe of that,
Which better minds contemne, and ſpurne thereat.

84.

M*Ecus* is now become a frugall Syre,
that ſpends no more then nature doth require:
And yet his wife will proue a Traueller,
although but once a yeare he lye with her.

85.

THe humour of *Tobacco* (and the reſt,)
wherein our gallants tooke their chiefe delight:
Is dayly had (me thinkes) in leſſe requeſt,
and will (I feare) in time be worne out quite.
For now ech Peſant puffes it through his noſe:
As well as he that's clad in veluet hoſe.

86.

THe wicked reape what other men do ſowe,
But Cuckolds are excepted (that you know.)

The

Epigrams.

87.

THe world is well amended with Sir *Hugh*,
since from the time he was a Shepherd ſwaine,
And little dreamed then (I may tell you)
he ſhould be made one of the Knightly traine.
But (for his ſubſtance anſwers not his will,)
As good haue dreamt or beene a Shepheard ſtill.

88.

M*Vſco*, that alwayes kept with pollicy,
what he had ſcraped ſince his infancie:
Scarce one yere wedded (for he needs would marry)
hath taken Ludgate for his Sanctuarie.

89.

Z*Anthus* that wiſe and cunning Sophiſter,
lyes now in *Lymbo* for a ſmall offence:
Who when he came before the officer,
had not one word of wit to free him thence.
Why thus it fares, when he ſhould beſt diſpute,
The Deuill or ſome ill Plannet ſtrikes him mute.

Who

Epigrams.

90.

WHo brutes it Miſtreſſe *Parnell* is no maide,
and will not anſwer ſuch diſcourteſie?
She ſcornes the very worſt that can be ſayd,
and ſtands ſo much on her virginitie.
As flatly to their teeth ſhe doth retort it,
preſuming none ſo vile that will report it.

91.

DIck *Swaſh* (or *Swaggring Dick*) through Fleetſtreet
with *Sis* & *Bettrice* waiting at his heeles (reeles)
To one that would haue tane the wall, he ſwore,
dooſt thou not ſee my punck and Paramoure?

92.

D*Acus* hath damn'd himſelfe on due regard,
from Tauernes, Plaies, Tobacco, & from wine,
Swearing hele liue like *Iohn* of Paules Churchyard,
at leaſt wil ſomtimes with good Duke *Humfry* dine.
Twere well done (*Dacus*) haſt thou power to do it.
But Dice and Drabs (I feare) will hold thee to it.

Vrbanus

Epigrams.

93.

Vrbanus that committed an offence,
with a young country laſſe (poore ſilly foole)
To ſalue his credit, ſoone conueyes her hence,
vnto a Garden-houſe, or vaulting-ſchoole.
Where now (vnloaden of that luckleſſe ill,)
and all diſpatched (ſaue the houſhold charge:).
The good man-Bawd, or Pander, (which you will)
brings him no ticket, but a Bill at large.
Item, for Pipkins, Pap, and other things,
amounting all to twenty markes or more:
And this alowd into his eares he rings,
pay Sir (quoth he) for ſhame diſcharge your ſcore.
Vrbanus loth to be proclaim'd a gull,
was willing to compound in any wiſe:
But yet not tending his demaund at full,
ſaid, he had ſeene the Lyons once or twiſe.
The Lyons anſwers he, that may be true,
but thinke you thence to merit any praiſe:

Each Ruſtick may the Lyons dayly view,
haue you not ſeene the Dragons in your dayes?
No (quoth *Vrbanus*) that I muſt confeſſe,
Then ſayd the Pandar, you muſt pay no leſſe.

97.

Magus would needs forſooth this other day,
vpon an idle humor ſee a play:
When asking him at dore, that held the box,
What might you call the play? (quoth he) the Fox.
In goes my Gen-man (who could iudge of wit)
And being asked how he liked it:
Said all was ill, both Fox and him that playd it,
But was not he thinke you a Gooſe that ſaid it?

95.

Naſo is hurt, but how none can ſuppoſe,
Leaſt being drunke, ſo fell and broke his noſe.

Call

Epigrams.

96.

CAll *Danus* knaue, he ſtraight wayes drawes his ſword
&makes you proue as much, or eate your word:
But if you call him honeſt Rogue or Iew,
he hugges you then, for giuing him his due.

97.

HAnd off ſir Sauce-box, ſhee's no meate for Groomes,
or common wights of baſe borne parentage:
Alas your leane expence fits Ale-houſe roomes,
that with Maid-Malkin holdeth equipage.
Becauſe Sir *Triſtram* late intreated me,
You would (forſooth) be thought as good as he.

98.

Quintus hath layd a wager of a Crowne,
heele make a rime with any man in towne:
For none (thinkes he) may *Quintus* skill ſurmount,
Who can both write and read, and caſt account.

99.

A Health (saith *Lucas*) to his loues bright eye,
which not to pledge, were much indignity:
You cannot do him greater courteſie,
then to be drunke and damn'd for company.

100.

WE make our Epigrams, as men taſte Cheeſe,
which hath his relliſh in the laſt farewell:
Like as the pureſt liquor hath his leeze,
ſo may you harſhly end the tale you tell.
The Tayle (of all things) ſome men ayme at moſt,
Thoſe that had rather faſt, may kiſſe the poſt
And ther's an end.

EPILO-

EPILOGVS.

THus haue I waded through a worthlesse taske,
Whereto (I trust) ther's no exceptions tane:
For (meant to none) I answer such as aske,
'tis like apparell made in Birchin lane.
If any please to sute themselues and weare it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will beare it.

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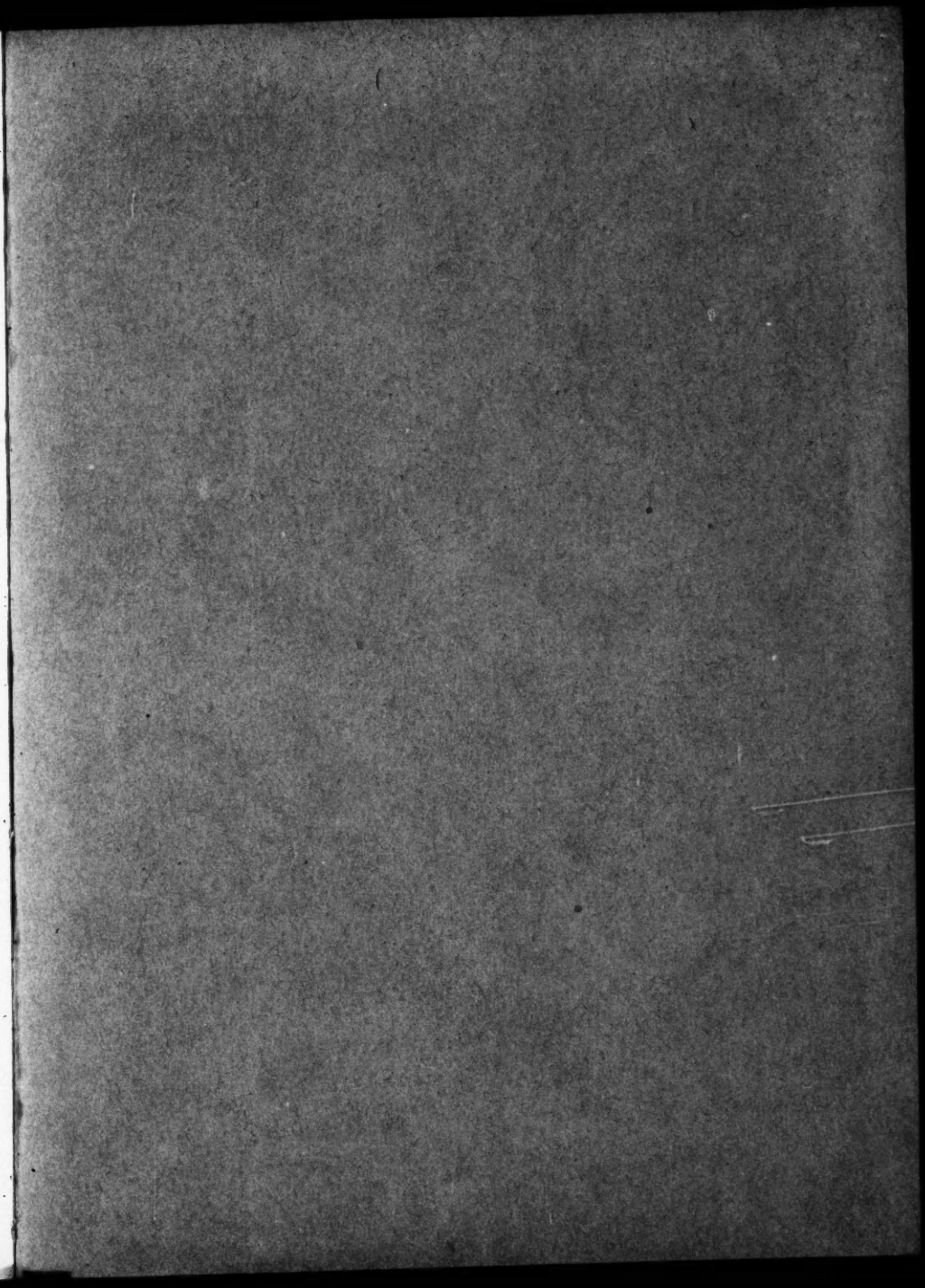

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